

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1886.

Price Twenty-five Cents.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The night was dark and cold. The temperature was so low as to be absolutely vulgar. The bitter north wind blew among the pillars of the White House porches, and howled high in the dim vault of the December sky. It was Christmas Eve, cold, bitter, chilly Christmas Eve. In happy homes fond parents were decking the evergreen-tree with toys and glittering ornaments, while their little ones were lying snugly tucked in their beds, dreaming of the morrow. Fires glowed on myriad hearths, and warm hearts beat high with pleasant expectation. Outside all was cold and bare and bleak; but within hope and happiness reigned supreme.

They were on the outside—the icy outside. We have mentioned that the wind was howling. They came in on the howl. They participated in the howl. They were sharers in the frigid-ity. They stood outside, absorbing cold from the pillars of the portico. They shuffled their feet to keep them warm. They blew upon their fingers. They slapped their hands upon their breasts.

"Shall we try it again, Charley?" dolefully inquired the tallest member of the party, addressing the eldest.

"Yes," said his senior, sturdily: "when you are as old as I am, Joseph, you'll know that it's just as well to howl, anyway. It doesn't cost anything, and it may get something."

"What shall we give him this time?" asked Joe, in despairing accents.

"Give him 'The Fine Old Jacksonian Democrat'—it's a wearing sort of tune," was the advice of the aged leader.

And the little group burst into song—not as the larks carol in the midsummer heavens; but plaintively and wearily, as a gate swings upon rusty hinges.

"Oh, the fine old Jacksonian Democrat, one of the ancient time!

He always stuck to his office, while the place was worth a dime,

He seldom died, and he never resigned, and he clung and clung and clung,

And he never rose to higher things, unless he chanced to get hung.

He stuck right close to the good old ways, and his heart was true and warm,

And he cared not a continental cent for Civil-Service Reform.

And we pray you, goodly gentleman, who list to our simple rhyme,

Remember the fine old Jacksonian Democrat, one of the ancient time!"

* * *

A window of the great house opened, and something white fluttered down and fell on the whiter surface of the snow.

"We've got him, holy Moses! We've got him!" cried Joe, ecstatically.

"An office, by thunder!" echoed the others, all except the old man, who stood gloomily apart.

"Don't you be too sure," he murmured: "that's a mighty disappointing man."

The eager Joe rushed forward and picked up the paper.

"What is it," chorused his comrades, in wild anxiety: "an office?"

"Weeping Rachel!" cried Joe, dejectedly: "No! It's a Civil-Service Competitive Examination paper!"

"I knew it!" said the old man, moodily. And the heavy Christmas coldness settled down upon the "waits."

It must be a particularly pleasing thing for the proud Briton to reflect on the fact that Mr. Parnell is virtually dictating England's policy to England's statesmen. And the proud Briton has our sincere sympathy. But the proud Briton will now have a chance to do a little more reflecting, of a sort that may be of great benefit to his immortal soul. He may reflect that he created Mr. Charles Stuart Parnell. He winked at the existence of Mr. Parnell when Mr. Parnell could be made useful in political deals—for they have political deals in England, in their own way. Now that Mr. Parnell is making use of the Briton, he is only doing what he might have been expected to do, and what he had a perfect right to do. If England's two great parties had had a decent share of patriotic wisdom, they would have combined against Mr. Parnell, instead of bidding in rivalry for his support. And on these truths the Briton may ponder while Mr. Gladstone proceeds to carry out Mr. Parnell's plans for Home Rule for Ireland.

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We have received, too late for publication in this issue, a letter from President Cleveland, confirming our denial of the accusation lately brought against Mr. Keppler by a newspaper correspondent—that Mr. Keppler had asked President Cleveland for what an office-seeker calls "recognition of party services." We have also received a letter from Mr. W. A. Croffut, informing us that he is not the correspondent in question. Both letters will be published next week. We are sorry to have done injustice to Mr. Croffut.

CHRISTMAS is just about here, and there is a sufficient number of red roosters hanging by their heels in every market to make a gorgeous tomato omelette sunset. Every dealer says his particular ware is the proper thing to offer for a Christmas present. But this is not so. The barber's best brush is of no use to a bald-headed man; the optician's finest opera-glasses would be of no more service to a blind woman than would be a bottle of bay-rum to a hard drinker. What can a boy with one leg do with a pair of skates? What can a girl with eagle eyes do with a pair of spectacles? Everything seems to be wrong. The man who doesn't smoke is sent a box of cigars, the young lady who doesn't care for poetry receives a twelve-dollar copy of Tennyson. The man with no digestion gets a tender turkey that he can't enjoy, while the man with the digestion of an ostrich and the appetite of a shark gets no turkey at all. A cake of shaving-soap may be the best Christmas present on record, but what earthly good could it do a man who shaves notes? Ah, me, if you are worried over a choice of a suitable Christmas present for any one, without regard to baldness, near-sightedness, sciatica, or anything of that kind, don't fail to select a copy of either PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1886 (just out) or PICKINGS FROM PUCK (First or Second Crop). For sale by all newsdealers. Price, twenty-five cents each.

PREPARING FOR THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.—A SHATTERED FABLE.



J. Oppen

"That'll do, pop; I may as well tell you that that old Santa Claus business won't work any longer; it may do for children, but we don't take any stock in it ourselves."

THE GOBLIN'S LUCK.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

George Arthur was sitting in his luxurious parlor on the second floor of the Killikinick Flats. George was wealthy, a man of leisure, and a swell. He loved life in his quiet, easy way, and tried to enjoy it. He never did anything original, because he could not endure the strain of thinking. He followed placidly in the customary line of fashionable frivolity, and was as well satisfied as one could well be with such a life. He was probably much better satisfied than many of us could be, for he had no aspirations whatever. Whatever was, was good enough for him. He was content to take the world as he found it.

So he just lived, along with the rest of his set, in a happy-go-lucky style. He had plenty of money, and did no work. He went to the opera occasionally—the comic opera; did first nights at the theatres with the air of a *blasé* connoisseur; flirted with every woman he met; played billiards and cards; ate big dinners, drank champagne, and frequently finished his day's enjoyment in a most uncertain state of mind. His apartments were luxurious, and would have done credit to the first chapter of one of Ouida's novels. Here he was sitting, before a cheerful grate-fire, robed in a voluminous silk dressing-gown, and wearing on his feet a pair of slippers embroidered by some fair hand. Suddenly there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," said George.

His servant entered with a salver upon which lay a card. George took up the card and read:

"T. Henry Leffingwell, Goblin."

"Humph!" said George: "rather curious sort of name for a goblin. However, show the gentleman in."

The servant disappeared and in a moment returned with the stranger. He was a person of medium height, with piercing black eyes, a moustache and imperial also black, and a long sharp nose. He was in full evening dress.

"Made up for Mephistopheles," thought George.

Then pointing to an easy-chair, he said:

"Take a seat, Mr. Leffingwell. I don't think I ever had the honor of meeting you before."

"You did not," was the reply, given in a musical tone.

"Well, it's Christmas-time now, so suppose you join me in a drink?"

"Never drink," replied the goblin.

"A temperance spook—that's good," said George, smiling: "Well, I'll drink for you. Here's your very good health. Now, what can I do for you?"

"It is Christmas-time, as you have said, and that is the time when goblins go abroad to warn men of their evil deeds and the consequences of them, so I thought I'd just drop in and give you a *séance*."

"Ah, yes, I see—'Gabriel Grubb,' and all that sort of thing."

"That's it; you've hit the point exactly. Your readiness of perception will expedite matters a great deal. Now, in the first place, allow me to offer you a drink."

The goblin reached up and drew a bottle out of the air. He uncorked it and poured some of its contents into a glass.

"Try that," he said.

George obeyed and put the glass down from his lips with a surprised look.

"Water, straight!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly," replied the goblin, smiling: "Now I want you to make up your mind not to drink anything else until I come next year."

"I should like very much to oblige you, Mr. Leffingwell, but I don't think I can."

"You don't? Let me give you a peep into the future."

HOLIDAY CURIOSITY.



NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR (not on speaking terms).—"Oh, pshaw! I can't see anything, after all, and I'm dying to know if Clara got that seal-skin sacque."

Waving his hand, he bade George look into the looking-glass. There George beheld a young man being kicked down the stairs of a Fifth Avenue mansion by an irate parent, whose daughter the young man had called upon in a state of beastly intoxication.

"Very good," said George: "very good, indeed. What's the charge?"

"No charge, sir; I'm not a conjurer, I'm a goblin."

"Oh, it's a free show, eh? You're very obliging. Have another drink. Oh, I forgot, you don't drink. So sorry. Watch me."

And George took another long draught of wine.

"Confound it, sir," exclaimed the goblin: "that's no way to act. It isn't fair."

"What do you mean?"

"You ought to be properly affected when I show you the picture. They always are, you know. You ought to go down on your knees, and swear that you would never drink another drop of liquor in your life."

"Couldn't think of it, my dear fellow."

"But, hang it, sir, you must think of it, or I shall lose my reputation as a first-class goblin. Swear off, or beware of the consequences."

"Here, now, you're becoming too noisy altogether. I didn't ask you to come here, did I?"

"No, of course; who ever heard of any one inviting a goblin? But you must swear off. I'll not leave the house until you do. Think of my professional future, sir. It won't do, sir, it won't do."

"Will you stop your noise and leave my rooms?"

"No, sir, never!"

"Then I'll have to put you out."

"You lay your hands on me and I'll smash your head!"

George touched the electric bell and his servant entered.

"Call a policeman," said George.

"A policeman!" screamed the now infuriated goblin: "I'd like to see a policeman touch me. I'll paralyze him."

And he danced about the room in a wild rage for fully five minutes, till suddenly he found himself seized by the collar, and, turning, saw a stalwart policeman beside him.

"Take your hands off me!" he shouted.

"Ah, wot's de matter wid yer?" inquired the policeman.

"Don't you dare to touch me, sir! I'm a first-class goblin, sir."

"Goblins goes jus' de same as de odder folks. Come now, mosey."

And the policeman jerked the goblin half way across the room.

"I'll make you suffer for this outrage!"

"Shut up, er I'll club yer."

And T. Henry Leffingwell was dragged away to the police-station. The next morning Judge Duffy fined him ten dollars, told him that the climate here was not good for goblins, and advised him to emigrate. When last seen, T. Henry Leffingwell was *en route* for the Congo territory, the "only place," he said: "where there is any show for a respectable goblin, nowadays."

W. J. HENDERSON.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY'S expenses are twelve million dollars, and his income only three million. The Sultan must feel very much like the seven-dollar-a-week clerk who takes his best girl to a ten-dollar opera.

STEINITZ AND Zukertort are about to play a game of chess for a stake of four thousand dollars. The game will be finished this century, it is expected, provided the players live that long.

A SIMPLE AND SURE WAY TO PREVENT CONVICTS FROM ESCAPING FROM JAIL.



FEED THEM ON THE FAT OF THE LAND, WITH THE ABOVE RESULT, AND REDUCE THEM BY THE BANTING PROCESS, IN TIME FOR THE EXPIRATION OF THEIR SENTENCES.

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY.

Always pass the Christmas holidays with your relatives in the country. The country Christmas is sure to be appreciated by the city man.

Leaving his conventional all-modern-improvements-well-heated dwelling in town, he soon finds himself in a different atmosphere—say ten degrees below zero—and as he pokes his frost-bitten nose under the buffalo-robe on his way from the station to the big, breezy, old-fashioned farm-house of his country cousins, he feels sure that he will receive a warm reception, or, at least, he hopes so. In fact, he is thoroughly convinced that his cousins cannot make it too warm for him.

The reason why all country people are so monotonously healthy is that they always keep their houses well ventilated, even in the coldest months of the year. It would be well for the city man to season himself a little by sleeping a few nights in an ice-house or refrigerator, before trying the luxury of a country house bed-chamber in midwinter.

A ride of four or five miles in an open sleigh, covered by a gutta-percha buffalo-robe, snow and ice, and with the wind blowing at about eighty-seven miles an hour, tends, however, to toughen the city man up for his Christmas holiday visit. He may not quote Whittier's "Snow-bound" as he vainly attempts to protect his face from the North Pole zephyrs which are playing tag about his ears, but he possesses the knowledge that he is drinking health and renewed energy with every breath, to say nothing of an interesting cough and possibly a dose of lingering consumption.

The bright, cheerful appearance of a country house parlor at Christmas-time, with its stiff black hair cloth chairs plastered up against the wall, its case of stuffed birds, and its "Book of Martyrs," "Night Thoughts," "Course of Time," and other light literature scattered upon the heavy dust-covered centre-table, drives even the shadow of a thought of home-sickness from the mind of the city man.

His cup of happiness fairly flows over as his eyes rest upon the art treasures about the apartment, and he reads the legend "Gone from a World of Sorrow" beneath a sparkling arrangement in black-and-white of a group of grave-stones backed by a miscellaneous cemetery, or dwells upon the outlines of a coffin bearing across its front the assuring intelligence that some one is "Gone, but Not Forgotten."

There is always a good fire blazing in some part of the country house at Christmas-time,

and the popular game with the city visitor is to find it, and, having found it, to keep from being relegated once more to the chilly and too distressingly injurious atmosphere of the parlor.

The Christmas dinner in the country is the event of the winter season, and in honor of the city guest "fresh meat" takes the place of pork, and at least one veteran of the poultry-yard is sacrificed to hospitality; and it is simply astonishing how much hospitality a practised country cousin can manage to carve out of a solitary old barn-yard rooster.

If the city visitor does not care to go to church after his Christmas dinner, he can fall back upon "Night Thoughts," or the "Book of Martyrs," and thus bring to a hilarious close his merry Christmas in the country.

C. V. TEIXEIRA.

"WILLIAM E. CRAMER, editor of the Milwaukee *Wisconsin*, has been deaf since boyhood, and is totally blind, yet he is one of the hardest workers in the profession. He has been an editor nearly fifty years, and his office-hours are as regular as when he was young." He relies principally upon his nose for news

WHEN WE WERE HAPPIEST.

"How much happier we are as men," writes a correspondent to an esteemed contemporary: "than we were as boys, especially at Christmas-time! It is truly more blessed to give than to receive."

Oh! pshaw! pshaw! pshaw! A man who writes such twaddle as that only exposes his ignorance. The happiest period of a man's life was that when he used to call up the fireplace to Santa Claus, and ask him to bring him a box of tin soldiers, a hobby-horse and a Noah's Ark; and if he couldn't get the hobby-horse down the chimney, he would leave the side-door unlocked for him.

There never have been any happier times in human existence than the first five minutes of a boy's life after he awakens on Christmas morning, scrambles out of bed, and rushes over the carpet to the mantel-piece, from whose edge hangs his long stocking, stuffed to the toe with candy, and bulging out with gifts.

Though he may live to be an old man, and renew his youth each year with his children and his children's grandchildren, a stocking never presents the altogether beatified appearance that it did when he believed that old Kris Kringle filled it himself with his own fingers, while his team of deer jingled their bells impatiently on the ridge-pole of the house.

It is more blessed to give than to receive, in the great majority of cases; but what father ever lived who saw his children dance with joy at the sight of a gorgeous Christmas-tree, loaded with presents and glittering with candles, red, white and blue, without emitting a sigh of regret for those good old times when he wore kilts and danced himself by this cheering light?

The principal reason old bachelors, to whom circumstances have denied children of their own, always make it a point to give presents on Christmas, and are generally in some house on that day where there are children, so they can witness the joy their generosity gives, is because this serves to recall to them the times when they were young themselves, and laid their curly heads on their pillows on Christmas eve and forced themselves to fall asleep, so that Santa Claus could have an opportunity to descend the chimney unobserved, and dreamed of stockings a mile long, bursting with good things, and whole forests of Christmas-trees, laden to the carpet with cornucopias, candles, toys and picture-books. That is all. If men were governed entirely by generosity, and not by the memory of the days of yore, Christmas Day, we fear, would be a sorry festival for them.

NOT THIS CHRISTMAS EVE—SOME OTHER EVE.



SANTA CLEVELAND.—"I guess this kind of chimney can't take me in."

A CODE OF KINDNESS;

OR,

THE MEANING OF LITTLE ATTENTIONS AT THIS TIME OF YEAR.



WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE PECULIARITIES OF BABIES.

Not being a married man, I am not an authority on babies. Still, I have seen and heard more or less of them, within the last twenty-five years, and should like to make a few humble lay observations on a subject which has attracted the attention of the best minds in all ages.

The baby, according to my observation, is in almost all climates, and at all seasons of the year, nocturnal in its habits. It is also diurnal a good share of the time; but this, of course, is a fact not worth mentioning. Unlike the young of most other species, the baby does not recognize any parental distinctions, but will lament as bitterly while riding on the paternal arm at the witching hour of midnight as when clasped tenderly to the mother's bosom at sunny midday. Its sole creed and language is a cry; and no Christian or heathen ever lived up to a creed with more conscientious fidelity than does the baby.

The baby is not partial to paregoric; that is a failing of its parents. For itself, the infant would much prefer lamentation between meals to sleep. But there is a limit to all things, and, thank heaven! paregoric is cheaper than endurance.

Judging from my personal experience, a large

share of the baby's early life is passed on the cars. I do not know that I ever entered a car without finding a baby there ahead of me. I always brace myself for the wail the minute I open the door, and nine times out of ten it is there. The car may be full of passengers, but for all practical purposes it is occupied entirely by the infant. It is my firm conviction that babies do not like to travel. I may be mistaken, for I base my judgement entirely upon appearances, but I have never yet seen a baby who seemed to be perfectly satisfied with the arrangements provided for the comfort of the traveling public by railroad corporations. Why, under these circumstances, babies should be compelled to travel I cannot comprehend. Perhaps it is because their fond but unselfish parents wish the world to share with them the winsomeness and loveliness of infancy. I believe this is the explanation usually given by conductors.

But there is one disagreeable feature about babies—I will not say which one; some people think it is the nose, others the hair. However that may be, you are expected to admire the little brutes just as much as if they were really beautiful. The fond mother will never forgive you if you don't say something real sweet about

her cherub. You must disguise your real sentiments, and deal in veneered platitudes of the too-sweet-for-anything and perfectly-angelic stamp. Don't liken the infant to its father, especially if that gentleman is slightly bald and is just beginning to cultivate a sunset tinge at the tip of his nose. Say that the babe resembles its mother, and you are safe. If you add that it is a remarkably charming and beautiful child, you are in a fair way to reduce your board-bill by becoming a frequent guest at the house of the little stranger.

The best way to get along with babies is to remember that you were once one yourself. Your nose was just as red and indeterminate as that; your hair was just as scanty and colorless. You also bawled from morning till night and from night till morning, and visited the lotus-land of slumber only by the perfunctory path of paregoric. You pulled the paternal hair and pounded the paternal eyes with your little fists. You kept the whole house awake with the ebullitions of your empty woe; you sucked your thumbs and your toes and your bottle like all the rest of them. But you are grown up, and the present baby is not.

That is the only difference.

PAUL PASTNOR.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

The icicles now hang high
Upon the silver birch,
And in the night the Shanghai
Is frozen to his perch.
The negro, like a Malay,
Is rushing with a pole
His neighbor's ducks to waylay,
To glad his X-mas soul.
When they to him fine food chuck,
The gobbler runs away,
And joins the playful woodchuck
Till after X-mas Day.

Now shouteth the merry coaster
Upon the shining hill,
While all the house doth fill
The bouquet of the crackling
roaster;
And the cold all the land of its
heather strips,
And the landlord makes you mad,
When he tells you, in language sad,
He can't furnish the house with
weather-strips.

At the top of the amaryllis tree
Sits the gasbill, sad and lone;
Oh, never a merry thought has he,
As the winds about him moan—
Alone he sits in the blinding storm,
Flapping his wings to keep him
warm.

Oh, the gasbill is a solemn bird,
And his screech will make you
start;
Whenever in song the gasbill 's
heard,

'The meter will break your heart—
In the amaryllis-tree he sits,
Warming his several dozen wits.

MILLIONAIRES IN LITERATURE.

PROBABLE EFFECT OF MR. WILLIAM ASTOR'S SUCCESSFUL FIRST ATTEMPT
AT NOVEL-WRITING.



"Sorry, ma'am, we are just out of Jay Gould's great romance, 'Scoop-
ing 'Em In'; but here are Cyrus Field's 'Memories of a Monument' and
Russell Sage's 'How to Succeed in Wall Street on Twenty-five Cents a
Day'—very interesting, I assure you."

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

The India-rubber-tree
Blows in a climate warm,
Where buzzes the golden bee,
And the butterflies brightly
swarm.
The wood-dove in it coos,
And the song-bird in it toots
Of rubber ulsters and overshoes,
And foot-balls and rubber boots.
Alas, alack, ah me!
I mark and I ween and throw
That, to be consistent, the rubber-
tree
Should bloom in a land of snow.

A little candy dog
Came to life on a Christmas-tree,
And he wagged his stumpy saccha-
rine tail,
And barked away in his glee.
And little Maud woke up,
And very frightened was she,
To hear a living candy dog
Bark on a Christmas-tree.
In order that she might sleep,
From her bed jumped Maudie
small,
And plucked the dog from the
Christmas-tree,
And devoured him, bark and all.
R. K. M.

A CHICAGO SIGN reads: "Light-
ning Photographer." We should
think it would be hard for a photo-
grapher to induce a bolt of light-
ning to sit still and look pleasant
long enough to have his picture
taken.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

A LETTER TO A SON-OF-A-GUN: FROM THE OLD GUN.

My Dear Son:—I am glad you have come to me for counsel before you decided to invent perpetual motion. I think I could bear almost anything, at my time of life, but to hear that you were working at a perpetual motion machine, or were trying to become a crack pool-player.

For years and years, my son, men who were old enough to know better have worked at perpetual motion, and some of them who began with great wealth are now in the poor-house.

I once knew a man who spent his last dollar trying to solve the question of perpetual motion, and then he suddenly reformed and invented a common-sense feeding-bottle for infants, which made him a fortune. He told me confidentially that perpetual motion is beyond the genius of man. He didn't charge me a cent for that which had cost him forty thousand dollars to find out.

Let me whisper a legend in your wealth of ear:

Once upon a time a blue-eyed boy, with a tuft of yellow hair sticking through a hole in the top of his best straw hat, lived in a far-off country where boys planted potatoes and hoed corn and hunted the cows when they had to, and dammed the babbling brook and hunted the bumble-bee in his native lair when they didn't have to. Well, this blue-eyed boy, as he sat one night in the grocery-store, heard the subject of perpetual motion discussed by the congregation. The man who sat on the soap-box said that perpetual motion was entirely practicable, and that he would have worked the thing out himself long ago if he only had had the time; and the man on the counter said that his grandfather would have invented perpetual motion if the yellow-jaundice had not carried him off just when he was almost ready to set his machine to moting.

The blue-eyed boy soaked up the conversation like a sponge. Perpetual motion was a new problem to him. He had never before heard enough about it to win his young mind for a moment away from his mill-dams and the bumble-bee in its native lair. When the conversation drifted from perpetual motion to the tariff, the blue-eyed boy got up from the nail-keg on which he had been sitting and went meditatively home. On the way he decided to invent perpetual motion. He decided to do it the next morning. At first he thought of beginning that night and finishing the job in the morning; but he knew he would have to go to bed in twenty minutes, and he therefore concluded that he had better wait until morning, and make a day-light job of the whole thing.

That night he dreamed of perpetual motion, and his elder brother, with whom he slept, awoke him twice, and threatened to throw him out of bed if he didn't stop his perpetual kicking.

Next morning the blue-eyed boy was up bright and early, and he gathered him together the bottom of a churn, his barlow knife, some nails of various sizes, a gimlet, an old clock-wheel, a bit of string, a hatchet, some pieces of lead pipe, the top of a wrecked high stool, a clothes-pin, an old door-lock, and the wood-saw, and went out behind the corn-crib, away from the prying eyes of captious critics, to invent perpetual motion.

Faithfully and industriously he toiled through the long summer morning of that summer day, while the drops of perspiration fell thick and fast from his thoughtful brow to his brown and busy hands. He sawed and hammered and cut and adjusted and re-adjusted, and yet, when the

horn blew for the midday meal, his perpetual motion machine was not finished.

Along in the middle of the afternoon, as the blue-eyed boy toiled with all the zeal of his young, ardent and enthusiastic nature out there behind the corn-crib, his fond and indulgent father came upon him so suddenly and unexpectedly as to startle and disconcert him. The father looked a moment upon his busy son and the fruits of his patient toil, and then, in a kindly voice, he queried:

"My dear industrious boy, what are you making?"

"Father," answered the industrious boy: "I cannot tell a lie; I am making a perpetual motion."

"My son," said the fond and indulgent father: "I will in a few moments convince you that perpetual motion, in a mechanical sense, is impracticable."

And then the fond father picked up his blue-eyed boy by the coat-collar, and sat him down with such force upon the unfinished motor as to mash it flat upon the ground; and, as a further evidence of his earnestness and sincerity, he lifted the jacket from his blue-eyed boy's back, pulled a convenient apple-tree limb about five feet long, and with it attracted the entire attention of the young perpetual motion student for many, many minutes.

When he was done, his blue-eyed boy unhesitatingly acknowledged perpetual motion to be impracticable.

My son, it is a lucky boy who has a plain, hard-fisted, practical old father, with a large stock of horse-sense constantly on hand.

SCOTT WAY.

PUCK.





God rest you, merry gentlemen,
May nothing you dismay;
Remember us poor spoilsmen left
This blessed Christmas Day.

Since Christmas comes but once a year,
Oh, let us share your Christmas cheer,
And chuck one little office here
On Christmas Day in the A. M.

THE CAROL OF THE "WAITS."

PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

No family or individual possessing a copy of "Ogilvie's Handy Book of Useful Information," published by J. D. Ogilvie, will need anything else to guide them, him or her throughout an earthly career. In this little volume may be found advice upon every subject, from sewer-gas to love, which Mr. Ogilvie proffers to "merchants, mechanics, editors, lawyers, printers, doctors, farmers, lumbermen, bankers, book-keepers, politicians, and all classes of workers in every department of human effort," thus embracing an extended constituency. We regret, however, to be obliged to call attention to the fact that Mr. Ogilvie is a bold plagiarist, since we are positive that we have seen elsewhere some of the advice contained in the one hundred and eleven pages—to wit: "Leave nothing for to-morrow that should be done to-day"; "Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place"; "Never be afraid to say No," and other remarks of a similar nature. An insidious attempt is also made to undermine the labors of car-drivers and policemen, by the statement that swearing is an abominable and pernicious habit, and that respectable persons do not use profanity. We have no doubt but that Mr. Ogilvie is a respectable person, and we therefore beg leave to inquire what was the nature of the remarks he made at the time he put down the hall carpet and hit his thumb-nail with the hammer, instead of striking the tack he aimed at. We ask what he would do in case he ran eighteen blocks to catch a train; got to the station just in time to grapple with the last platform of the last car, and was flung eight feet, with thirteen women looking at him? We beg leave to differ with Mr. Ogilvie. Of course, we do not advise blasphemy as a regular thing; but neither do we counsel absolute prohibition. Profanity, used moderately, is often of inestimable benefit, and no family should be without at least one member capable of doing justice to the subject when a small boy tips the ash-barrel over against the area window. Mr. Ogilvie is also illogical. Under the caption, "Useful Items for Daily Remembrance," he makes the following startling assertion: "Love in the family is the one thing needful to regenerate the earth and cause the wilderness to become as Eden, and the desert to blossom as the rose." There are statistics at hand to prove that, in spite of all the love in the family for the past twenty years, the wilderness has not become as Eden, but remains in the former state. After careful study, the ablest sociologists have decided that—like the flowers that bloom in the spring, true love in the family has nothing to do with the case, and that only an inundation or an alluvial transformation could make the desert blossom under any circumstances. Another of Mr. Ogilvie's gems of thought deserves preservation, by reason of the author's superb scorn of the trammeling rules of rhetoric. It reads:

"What countless millions of women have sacrificed health, strength and life in attendance on sick and dying husbands, children and strangers? How many have perished by rushing through fire and water to save their children, and starved themselves to death at their mother's side? In how many hospitals has she proved herself an angel of mercy, and her sweet voice uttered words of comfort and cheer?"

If Mr. Ogilvie will study statistics of population, he will discover that the number of millions of women who have sacrificed health, strength and life in attendance on sick and dying husbands, children and strangers is not absolutely countless; and if he will inform us how a woman who perishes by rushing through fire and water to save her children can starve herself so that they will live, we shall feel under a debt of obligation. However, if the public at large would carry Mr. Ogilvie's book with it, and make a practice of consulting its pages before taking action upon anything, there would be fewer mistakes made in the community.

One of the most useful household treatises recently produced is "The Infant Philosopher: Stray Leaves from a Baby's Journal," by T. S. Verdi, M. D. [Fords, Howard & Hulbert.] The book contains the experience of a baby subjected to the usual treatment of a brand-new mother and an ignorant or lazy nurse. The baby tells his troubles in the first person, and speaks as one having authority. The book will fill a long-felt want—the want of those sympathetic people who often remark, on seeing babies: "Oh, what those little ones could tell of their sufferings if they could only talk!"

"The Golden Spike," by Edward King, [Ticknor and Company,] is a story based on the opening up of new railways in the Northwest, and incidentally dealing with the tremendous rivalry between St. Paul and Minneapolis. The book is written in a breezy style, and the rivalry mentioned suggests a fresh field and pastures new for humorists who have picked the bones of the Chicago-St. Louis controversy.

"Heroes of American Discovery," [Routledge,] is as exciting for boys as a dime-novel; and, as it does not deal with the present day, will not tempt them to start as walking arsenals to fight Indians. Its stories range from the first Danish visitors to Nova Scotia to about 1850, and have the advantage of being true, according to historians, who, we all know, never—well, hardly ever make mistakes.

"The Wit of Women," by Miss Kate Sanborn, [Funk & Wagnalls,] proves that the authoress is one of those rare women who are gifted with a sense of humor. Fortunately for her, the female sense of humor, when it does exist, is not affected by such trifles as "chestnuts." Therefore, women will read with pleasure Miss Sanborn's choice collection of these dainties. There are, however, many new anecdotes in Miss Sanborn's collection, and, taken as a whole, it may fairly be said to establish the fact that there have been feminine wits not inferior to the best of the opposite sex.

"One Year's Sketch-Book," illustrated and arranged by Irene E. Jerome, [Lee & Shepard,] consists of a series of sketches taken in the course of the four seasons, accompanied by appropriate selections of poetry. The sketches are generally done with force and feeling, and the reproductions are in nearly every instance good. This book, though not especially gotten up for the holiday trade, fits the glad Christmas-time like a plum-pudding.

Answers for the Anxious.

D. D.—As a flower of humor, you are best fitted to bloom alone.

R. P.—We don't know who was the grandfather of Themistocles; but we do know that yours ought to have died in infancy.

ALPHA.—The fact that Homer occasionally nodded does not excuse your style of verse. Homer never went into a profound slumber and tipped forward off his chair.

BEHOLD THE "WINK"!

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association
of New York,
No. 79 Fourth Avenue.

NEW YORK, December 15th, 1885.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

It is not in our hearts (hardened as they are) to ask you outright for another of your inimitable "Hints"—yet we cannot forbear, in the cause it is our privilege to serve, to remind you that Hospital Sunday is again near at hand. It occurs to me that your "Winks" are quite as potent as your "Hints," and, perhaps, if you have none of the latter stock, you could substitute something in the line of the former. All the leading cities are now organizing similar movements, so that it is no longer a topic of mere local importance.

Very gratefully, F. F. COOK,
General Agent for the Association.

CURRENT COMMENT.

FOOT-PADS—Cork Soles.

FOOT-LIGHTS—Weston and O'Leary.

ALEXANDER SEEKS more territory. He wants to get the Bulge area.

BASE-BALL WILL soon be an indoor game. It is being played in courts now.

AT A CIVIL-SERVICE EXAMINATION.

Q.—What are the Doldrums?

A.—First cousins to the Dumps.

"LOOK OUT for misfortune," advises a philosopher. This is worse than useless. Misfortune comes soon enough, without our taking the trouble to look out for it.

AN AMERICAN girl can buy the title of an Austrian duchess for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This is much cheaper than marrying a foreign nobleman, and decidedly more pleasant.

A WESTERN EXCHANGE says: "Pyramid Lake, in Nevada, has fallen eight feet and Mud Lake has risen twenty feet in the past year." And yet people have the effrontery to claim that Nevada is devoid of excitement, and growing dull and uninteresting!

A PHILADELPHIA MAN, who recently moved to Tin Cup, Idaho, became involved in a dispute with a citizen, and was shot five times before he could draw his weapon. The far West is a very bad place for a slow man.

A FACETIOUS FRENCH physician recently sent some poisoned game to a rival as a joke, whereupon the poisoned doctor complained to the authorities, and the joker was sent to prison for eight years. Some men have no appreciation of humor whatever.

CHARITY'S OWN SEASON.



A REPRODUCTION BY WAY OF REMINDER.

[For the Benefit of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association.]

PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY.

In spite of its hunting-club, the Mint and the patent-leather shoes of its inhabitants, Philadelphia has long been regarded as a city whose inhabitants are underbred, whose people are illiterate, and whose society is Philistine and lacking in refinement; and it is for these reasons that the noble work of the *Chronicle-Herald* of that city will be enshrined in the memory of every patriotic Philadelphian forever. But, while admiring the sentiment that prompts the *Chronicle-Herald* to this lofty effort, our fullest praise is accorded to the ingenuity of the methods adopted. All sociologists define American society as the association of the highest human elements of a city, the leading exponents of the trades, professions and arts, who are drawn together, with the leisure classes, by ties of kindred feeling and interest. How gracefully and effectually the *Chronicle-Herald* has demonstrated that this is the condition of affairs in Philadelphia any intelligent person provided with one cent with which to purchase a copy of the paper will be able to determine for himself.

Under the caption "Society" there is included a representation of a person resembling a dog-fighter in hard luck, attired in an evening suit of the fashion of eight hard winters since, holding what looks like a tambourine, but was evidently intended to be a crush-hat, behind his back, in conversation with his laundress about a bill for washing, though we will give the artist the benefit of a doubt and state that he may have intended to represent a "society lady" instead of a laundress. These persons evidently represent an ideal state of society, but it is from the editor's brilliant and incisive rhetoric that we learn all the aims and ambitions, the various intellectual pursuits and occupations, the daily life and habits, the hopes and fears, the pastimes and pleasures of Philadelphia's best people, and are yet unaware, as we read, of the lesson that is being taught. So perfectly does the editor's art conceal art, that it is not until the full appreciation of the magnitude of the design of the society-column dawns upon the reader, after he has concluded the last paragraph, that he is aware that art has been employed at all.

What a picture is presented to the mind when we read: "Mrs. Captain Call enjoys shopping on Chestnut Street, these fine days." The reader at once perceives that, in spite of high intellectual attainment and the pursuit of lofty ambitions, Mrs. Captain Call can still unbend to enjoy the lighter employment of her weaker sisters, and shop in the thoroughfare whose name is perpetuated as a lasting rebuke to the spinner of ancient yarns. Could volumes present a clearer idea of Mrs. Florence Eaton, her past, present and future, than the incisive statement: "Mrs. Florence Eaton, the popular artist, is about opening a studio in this city"? Again we read: "Miss Bessie Stack is a graceful exponent of the Terpsichorean art," and, "Miss Kate Turner is one of the prettiest young ladies in town," and learn thereby that, in spite of Mrs. Eaton's devotion to art, Philadelphia stops short of making its society pedantic, and can appreciate the charm of the dance and the loveliness of woman. That Philadelphia is hospitable, and that she is abreast of the civilization of the age, is indicated by the statements: "A. Murdock, of Pittsburgh, has been visiting this city lately," and, "The variety and designs for lamps this winter are really surprising."

When we read that "the Misses Bellak gave a very pleasant party on Wednesday evening," we perceive that the editor has in mind to inculcate his belief that life should not be entirely given over to serious matters; and that, though "Mrs. W. A. Ingham is fond of little

IS IT NOT TIME FOR AN "AQUEDUCT MONUMENT,"
(DEDICATED TO THE CONTRACTORS.)

IN MEMORY OF THE MANY POOR WORKMEN WHO HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE REGULAR WEEKLY "ACCIDENTS"?

children and greatly interested in their care," yet young people should be allowed to be gay and happy within the bounds of moderation; and no discredit is attached to Mr. William Gilmore because he "enjoyed 'Clio' at the Chestnut Street Theatre last week." Another feature of life is presented in the statement: "Mrs. H. D. Gregory understands making a short and effective address," and the intelligent mind at once grasps the thought that if Mr. Gregory will stay out late he must take the consequences. The love of the Philadelphian for nature, and the interest he takes in the humbler creations, as well as his love for the country, are all embodied in the assertion: "Louis Gross says that he knows of a canary-bird that whistles 'Yankee Doodle'"; but the caution of the editor in fixing the responsibility of the matter upon Mr. Gross cannot be too much admired.

However, the thoughtful person who carefully and conscientiously reads the *Chronicle-Herald's* "society" column perceives that Philadelphians are neither unæsthetic, illiterate, in-artistic, unsociable or savage. We are shown that they have their shops, that they know how to dance, that they are a party-giving people, that they admire beauty and study art, that they attend the theatres, and that their husbands are kept in subjection. Philadelphia need not be altogether discouraged. In time she may do something creditable.

THE latest shade is "frightened mouse." The ladies won't touch it.—*Boston Post.*

Yes, said the deacon, yes; little pitchers have great ears, but that doesn't prove that every base-ball player is an ass. Oh, no; not every one. The greatest men, it is said, are the simplest, but the simplest men are not the greatest, not by a jug-full. A man may trample on his conscience all through the busy day, but when he lies down at night, or stretches himself on a bed of sickness, conscience puts on the spurs and rides him till daybreak. You put a fancy uniform on a man, and let two thousand people pay fifty cents each to watch him, and he will saw wood as hard as he will play base-ball.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A MEDICAL journal says there is nothing so potent as morphine to loosen the teeth. The tramp should always have in his possession a quantity of the drug. It would be mighty handy to have about when the farmer's dog grabs him by the leg. At no other period in his life does he yearn with such yearful yearningness to have teeth loosened.—*Drake's Magazine.*

GAIL HAMILTON says: "When I see a young man just starting out in life, I always feel like being confidential with him." It's no use, Abigail, no use; you're too old!—*Cedar Rapids Gossip.*

THE only objection a lady has to silk dress-goods is that they never go out of fashion.—*Lowell Citizen.*

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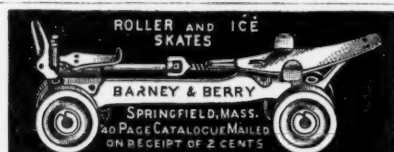
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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.

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So STRICT are the election laws in England, that to give a tin rattle to a voter's baby, with a view of winning the man's favor, is to risk fine, imprisonment and disqualification for public office. This may be a wholesome law, but what is wanted in this country is a statute subjecting to death or imprisonment for life the man who gives your little boy a tin horn or a drum at the joyous Christmas-time.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I THREW my love at him and it hath gone astray," sings Lillie Drake in an exchange. Why, Lillie! you giddy, giddy thing. Why didn't you do it up in a nice package and hand it to him yourself? We'll bet four dollars that if you threw it at him as most women throw, it flopped out of your hand and went over the fence and into the yard behind you.—*Evansville Argus.*

KING KALAKAUA is reported as wishing to dispose of his kingdom. Perhaps he wants to buy a horse.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"How you been, Brudder Ben?" "Me? Lor', Sister Charity, I been poorly, sure's you borned, I is, wid de rheumatis a-creeping all about, same as a tame snake." "Chile, buy a bottle dem Salvation Oil; dey cure sartin, en only cost a quarter."

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Mr. BLAINE thinks the President's Message is too long. If Mr. Blaine had been writing it, it would certainly have been shortened to the extent of the space devoted to civil-service reform, cattle and land-grant monopolies, and Navy Department frauds.—*Chicago Times.*

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And me workee while you sleepee.
—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

"WATER, bring me two grindstones, some Coney Island sand, and a cup of burned peas and molasses."

"Sir?"

"Oh, well, if you want their *aliases*, bring me two buckwheat-cakes, sugar, and a cup of coffee."

"Yes, sir—right away, sir."

"Taint no use tryin' to be frank an' outspoken in this world," sighed the customer, as he waited patiently for his morning dose of dyspepsia.—*Drake's Magazine.*

THERE was a man, once on a time, who thought him wondrous wise,

He swore by all the fabled gods he 'd never advertise;
But the goods were advertised ere long, and thereby hangs the tale—

The "ad" was set in nonpareil, and headed "Sheriff's Sale."
—*Salem Gazette.*

COLONEL BURNABY'S novel has not been published, for the simple reason that nobody has been able to decipher his manuscript. If it had been his will, a way of interpreting it would have been found; perhaps a half-dozen ways.—*Boston Post.*

NO MORE does Bridget quaff the cup
Of water and Rough on Rodents.
And she has given the oil-can up;
Alas! what strange things come to pass;
She turns her thoughts to natural gas,
The nicest of explodents.
—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

ETHEL.—"Mama, I think Frank means business."

Mama.—"Why, what makes you think so?"

Ethel.—"He gave me a pair of sleeve-buttons last night, and they were linked."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

A BURLINGTON girl, in a fit of abstraction, picked up a copy of "Kismet," scratched out the "t" and handed the book to her lover. He caught on.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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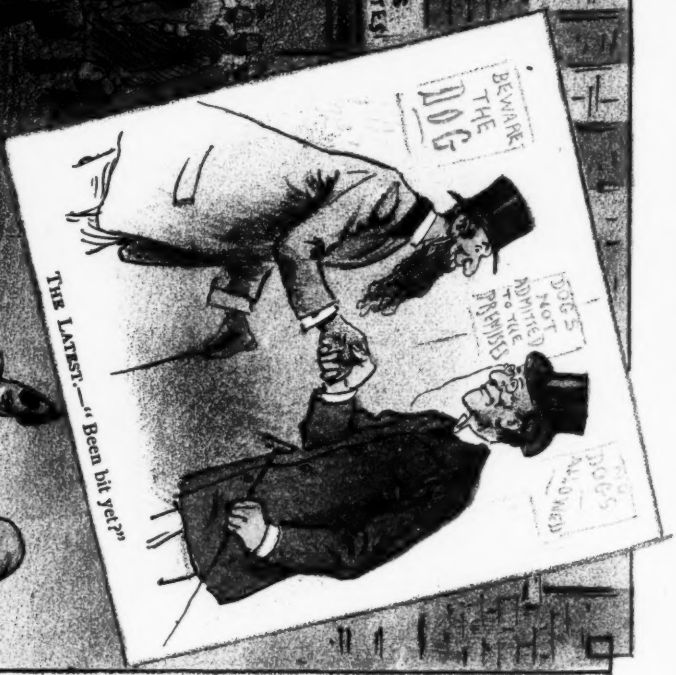
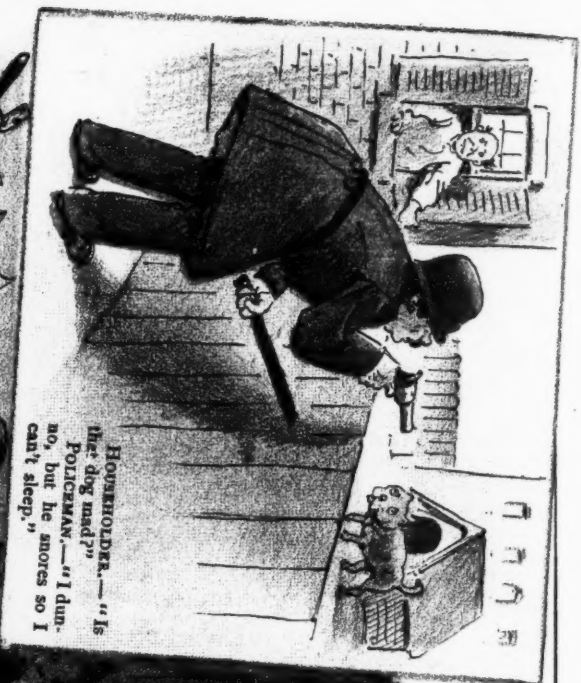
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